

THE CHILDREN



JACK'S NOVEL POCKET PIECE

Had Carried Snail Around in Pocket Until Children Were Snugly Settled for Bed-Time Talk.

When the children were snugly settled for the bed-time talk Jack fished up a snail shell from the depths of his pocket, where he had been carrying it all day for this occasion. "Tell us all about that," he said. "I often find them in the garden, but there is never anything in them. I know that the shells couldn't get there all alone, but why do we never see the snails?"

"Because the snail is usually tucked safely away inside the shell," mamma answered, "and knows too much to come out when curious little boys are around. If you will go into the garden some warm sunny day just after a shower, you will perhaps be able to find a snail dragging himself and his house along one of the walks. When the weather is dry or cold they close the door of their house with a kind of membrane that they manufacture themselves, just as the spider makes its web or the silkworm its cocoon. During the winter they find shelter somewhere in a crevice, or make a hole in the ground, which they cover with dead leaves. Here they remain safe and warm until the first spring rains call them out in search of food."

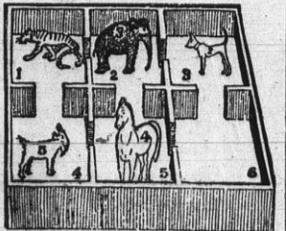
"The snail has almost as many teeth as the fly has eyes, often having one or two hundred rows of them. It knows how to use them too, and often does great mischief to gardens with them. Some gardeners catch and destroy them by spreading cabbage leaves on the ground to attract them. "The body of the snail is very soft, and it has four horns, two long ones and two short ones. You will notice two tiny black spots at the end of the long horns. These are the eyes; and if you look very closely when the snail first puts out his horns, you will see these eyes move up until they reach the tips."

"In some countries snails are considered good to eat. The ancient Romans kept them in an enclosure made for that purpose, and fed them on meal and boiled wine until they were fattened and ready for the table. The most wonderful thing about the snail is its power to heal its own injuries. It is one of the most remarkable physicians on earth, but its only patient is itself. Not only is it able to heal wounds on any part of its body, but even the head may be cut off, and another one will grow."—Sunday School Visitor.

PEN PUZZLE IS INTERESTING

Trick is to Place Animals in Stalls Corresponding With Numbers as Shown in Illustration.

In how few moves can you place each of the animals in its proper pen without ever having two in the same pen? The number on the animals



Pen Puzzle.

should correspond to the numbers of the pens.

The animals are rearranged into their proper pens by moving them in the following order: 4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 2, 1, 4 and 5.

ORIGIN OF FLYING MACHINES

When Balloons Were First Invented No Man Could Be Found Who Was Willing to Make Ascension.

When the first flying machine or balloon was invented no man could be found to venture to go up in it, so they placed a sheep, a cock and a duck in the basket and let them try it. This was in Paris on June 5, 1783. The balloon was made by two young men, sons of a paper maker, and was filled with hot air. It went up to a height of nearly half a mile and then gradually sank back to earth, and the animals were found contentedly reposing in the basket as if nothing had happened.

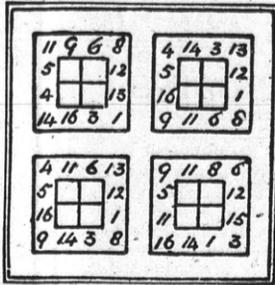
This experiment was thought so successful that on November 21 the same year a young naturalist named De Rozier and an army officer, the Marquis d'Arlandes, went up in a balloon and stayed aloft about half an hour. This made young De Rozier so bold that two years afterward he tried to cross the English channel and was drowned.

Was Baby Needed?
Elmer, though only a little boy, was the eldest child of an already numerous family. He was invited to go in and see a little baby sister. Asked by his mother what he thought of the baby, he said: "Why, mamma, it's real nice. But do you think we needed it?"

PUZZLE OF MAGIC SQUARES

Trick is to Fill in Four Empty Cells With Same Four Numbers in Same Relative Positions.

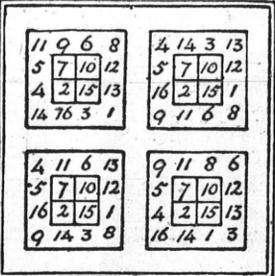
Can you fill in the four squares, which now have each four empty cells, with the same four numbers in the



Magic Square Puzzle.

same relative positions, "so that each full sized square becomes a magic square, and adds up in all directions to 347."

The diagram shows how the central cells must be filled in, so that the same



Solution of Puzzle.

numbers and arrangement completes each magic square.

IMAGINATION WORKS A CURE

Prince of Orange Cured Garrison of Scurvy by Use of Harmless Colored Vials of Water.

During the siege of Breda, in the Netherlands, the garrison was badly afflicted with the scurvy.

So useless was the medical aid afforded the soldiers, and so desperate were they in consequence, that they resolved to give up the city to the enemy.

This resolution came to the ears of the prince of Orange. He immediately wrote addresses to the men, assuring them that he possessed remedies that were unknown to physicians, and that he would undertake their cure, provided they continued in the discharge of their duty. Together with these addresses he sent to the physicians small vials of colored water, which the patients were assured were of immense price and of unspeakable value. Many who declared that all former remedies had only made them worse, now recovered in a few days. A long and interesting account of the wonderful working of this purely imaginary antidote was drawn up by M. Van der Mye, one of the physicians of the garrison, whose office was thus successfully usurped by the prince of Orange.

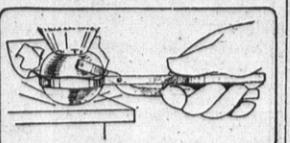
A corroborative proof of the well-known power of the imagination affecting Arabian fable: One day a traveler met the Plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus: "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?" "To kill 3,000 people," rejoined the Plague.

Some time after the same traveler met the Plague on his return, and said: "But you killed 30,000!" "Nay," replied the Plague. "I killed but 3,000; the rest died of fright."

SAFETY NOISE-MAKING TOY

Much Amusement is Afforded to Youngsters by Parents, Using Old Newspapers as Ammunition.

Nearly every American father has, at one time or another, blown up a paper bag and then exploded it by striking the bottom with his hand, to the great enjoyment of a small son. The illustration shows a safe noise-making toy embodying the same idea.



Safe Noise-Making Toy Embodying a Familiar Idea.

says the Popular Mechanics. A piece of old newspaper is the ammunition. This is slipped over the opening of the ball or bowl-shaped receptacle, and the pulling of the trigger or exertion of pressure on the handle, results in a pressure of air which bursts the paper with considerable noise.

Slippers and Procrastination.
Why are your bedroom slippers like a deferred resolution?
Because they are put off till the next day.

The Why.
Teacher of Hygiene—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?
Little Girl—Because company may walk in at any moment.—Judge.

MYSTERY OF THE SEAL



A MALE SEAL.

NATURE'S innermost secrets seldom long endure under the scrutinizing, penetrating eye of modern science, but the secret held alone by the seal family is a mystery that has balked scientists, provided material for the poet's pen and mockingly lured adventurers on thrilling quests to the middle of the Pacific ocean.

Where do the seals and sea lions go? The mystery which in the palmy days of the sealing industry in the far north cost the old Alaska Commercial company thousands of dollars—is seemingly beyond solution.

From California to Behring sea, in a few weeks the seal family will again quietly slip into the sea, and, leaving only a few stragglers, will disappear into the depths of the ocean, probably to migrate to some far away place.

They will disappear as completely as though swallowed up by the sea, only to reappear again late in February or early in March, when the annual breeding season begins. Where the seals go during the winter can only be theorized. According to scientists who have followed the course of sea lions migrating from California points, there is little question of their first destination. It is said that they join the great herds in Behring sea.

Whether the same animals which leave the Cliff Seal Rocks at San Francisco in the fall come back again in the spring, or whether their places are taken by others is very uncertain.

Sea lions have always inhabited the Seal Rocks, it is said. On account of the peculiar climate surrounding the Golden Gate, it is seldom that there are not sea lions there. However, it is only the "bachelor" sea lion which will be seen by sightseers who go to the cliff two months hence.

Followed by investigators. In 1886, before the period of pelagic hunting or shooting of seals at sea was practiced, the Alaska Commercial company, which was the first lessee of the Pribilof islands in Behring sea, attempted to trace the seals on the migratory course. Expeditions were outfitted and when the migration from the islands began about November 1, 1886, the investigators attempted to follow and learn definitely where the seals spent their winter. For several hundred miles the animals in great herds from the rookeries were followed. But one day, as though by magic, the larger portion of the herd suddenly disappeared. In another few days there was not an animal to be seen. All were gone—where? Nobody knows.

It was apparent that the seals had taken to the bottom of the ocean, that they, evidently, went far below some warm current. Some say the seals immediately began to proceed back northward under water. Seals ordinarily swim for distances of two or three miles before showing their noses above water for air. The theory that the animals swam several hundred miles under water has been contradicted, inasmuch as no mammal is known to be capable of staying under water so long without a supply of fresh air.

Kipling is only one of various writers who wrote of the periodical disappearance of the seal family. The sureness with which the animals divine their course of travel has often been a favorite theme. Seals and sea lions make long journeys of many thousand miles and never go astray. During the spring and summer months these strange animals live on land, making the rocky slopes of islands their abodes. Then when November comes they slip into the sea and disappear, feeding upon fish. Fur seals are more strange in their migrations than are the "hair" seals, but they too leave their summer abodes and take to the waters of a temperate or tropical ocean.

Consume Millions of Fish.
While the seal family is away from its habitat many millions of fish are consumed, in fact, fish and squids are the sole diet of the animals. There has in past years been an effort on the part of San Francisco and bay city fishermen to have exterminated the sea lions which inhabit the Seal Rocks at the cliff. These animals eat great quantities of fish, and, it is said, deplete to an extent the supply of fish for the local market. Every effort of the fishermen to make war upon the animals, however, has been balked by the government.

Will the fur seal finally disappear, is a problem which is now urging the United States government to take every precaution against the extinction. Under the treaty entered into by the United States, Japan and Russia, the fur seals in the far north have a temporary respite, at least. No hunter is allowed to kill the animals on the Pribilof islands, and consequently there is a general belief that with the protection afforded them by the nations, the seals in the next few years will again increase in number.

A Good Remedy.
"How annoying! My wife is always ailing—the hard work fatigues her."
"My wife also was always ill, but now she enjoys the best of health."
"How did you cure her?"
"I told her that I would give her so much a month for her dresses and her doctor. Since then she is quite well."—Le Sourire.

INCONSISTENCY OF A WOMAN

Young Man Who Foolishly Asked Girl for Kiss and Then Stole It Is Finally Set Straight.

Foolishly he asked her for a kiss; naturally she said "no;" bravely he took it, anyway; angrily she put him away; scornfully she told him what she thought of such action, and meekly he stood for the same old bluff.

"I am surprised and mad at you!" she said, and she looked every bit of it. "I don't think a gentleman would do such a thing; and now, if you are going to stay here this evening, I don't want you even to touch me, but let us sit here and talk like sensible people."

Thoroughly cowed, he agreed. Seeing, however, that she had carried her little bluff too far and he was taking her seriously, she made use of a bright idea.

"Will you promise to be good now!" she asked.

"Yes."
"Well, let's shake on it."
Solemnly they shook hands.

"Now," she said, with a cunning and meaning little twinkle in her eye, "you have touched me already and broken your promise. So, being as you have gone that far, you might as well go ahead and break the rest of your agreement."
Curtain!—Judge.

Bad News.
"Doctor," said the young wife of the rich old miner, "how do you find my husband?"

"So much better, madam," replied the physician, "that I think he will recover to live many years."

She turned deadly pale and burst into tears.

"Alas!" she cried, "I felt instinctively that I must be prepared for the worst!"

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Underrating Him.
"My dear boy, I happen to know you mortgaged your house and lot in order to buy that motor car. How are you managing to keep it in repair?"

"No trouble about that. I give an occasional mortgage on some bit of personal property. From the way you talk, Uncle Henry, one would think I hadn't any business capacity at all!"

No Small Sorrows.
"A man likes big and heroic enterprises."
"That's right," replied Mrs. Corn-tassel. "Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. But you never hear of a man shedding a tear because there's no more wood to chop or water to carry."

His Interest.
"It is estimated that not more than half the children born survive their fifth year."
"That's terrible, and something should be done about it," replied the mill owner. "When those children got to be a couple of years older they'd be ready to go to work."—Puck.

An Eating Tour.
"Tell me about Berlin."
"Got some fine sausages there."
"London must have been interesting."
"Greatest place in the world for mutton chops."
"Tell me, do your recollections of Europe hinge solely on what you had to eat?"

OF COURSE.
She—What do you think of my problem now?
He—Very puzzling.

Driven to It.
"Seems to me the children do nothing now but cut out paper dolls and make mud pies."
"Well, the map of the world is changing daily, so until things are settled they can't study history or geography. These simplified spellers have put spelling up in the air. So what are the children to do?"

A Suffragette.
"What is this?"
"An invitation from Mrs. Militant to her daughter's coming out party."
"Her daughter's coming out party? Why, her daughter is thirty-seven years old."
"You don't understand. She's coming out of jail."

Several Ways.
"I am working along intellectual lines for the suffrage."
"I see," said the mere man. "What's your specialty? Do you throw acid, or do a barefoot dance?"

WIT and HUMOR



BUT SHE CAUGHT HER TRAIN

Mr. man, Heavily Laden With Bundles, Transfers Them to Gateman When He Insisted on Ticket.

She had come from out in the state for a day's shopping in Detroit, and she had shopped until the last minute. She was well loaded down with packages as she boarded a car by the city hall. The moment it stopped in front of the station she hurriedly alighted and ran at full speed out to the big iron gates, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, please let me through quick," she gasped to the gate man. "I must make that train!"

"Two minutes yet, lady," was the calm reply. "Your ticket, please."

"It's in my purse and I just can't get at it."

"Sorry, but I can't let you through." "Here, then, I guess you'll have to hold these things for me." And before he realized what was happening to him the astonished man found his arms encircling a large consignment of "things."

"Now," exclaimed the woman, triumphantly, after fumbling in her purse until she found the ticket. "What good did it do? You can't punch the ticket after all!"

"Well, I guess you have it on me this time," laughed the man. "Come on, or you'll be late." And together they rushed through to the train, bundles and all, just in the nick of time.

On the Highway.
"Hear about Weary Waffles?"
"Naw. Wot you heard?"
"Hear he was up against it las week. Say, you know wot an aristocrat Weary is? Never lifts a hand to help himself. Takes his handouts an' eats 'em an' plugs along. Never teched a saw or an ax in all his born days. You know he won't carry wood or water. Naw, he was born to be waited on."

"Wot happened?"
"Feller tok him into an eatin' house to fill him up wit' a square meal."
"Well?"
"An' Weary never seen, till he was inside, dat de place wuz a sersveless!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BUM WRITING.
First Magazine Editor—In England they pension their authors.
Second Magazine Editor—Great scheme. That makes them lazy and they eventually quit writing.

How He Was Improving.
As a rule golf players are very proud of converts they get for the game. A man who had been introduced to golf by one of his friends happened to meet him some weeks later, and, of course, the conversation turned to golf.

"Well, how is your game now? How are you making out at it?"
"Oh, pretty good. I have improved greatly since you saw me play."
"What do you go around in now?"
"Oh, I should say about three hours and a half."

Goes to Head of Class.
"Speaking of these cube artists—"
"Yes?"
"In what category do you put the man who has just bought a camera and shows you the first dozen films he has snapped and developed?"—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

A Poor Stick.
"I'll never go joy riding with that Johnny again," declared the first chorus girl.
"Why not?" inquired the other half of the sketch.
"He wouldn't smash his auto, badly as I need advertising."



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